

DARING HOLD-UP MENGAG VICTIMS, THEN ROB HOTEL

Quartet Registered Quietly and
Proceeded to "Stick Up"
Employees With Pistols.

PACKED UP PLUNDER.

Squirted Seltzer at Helpless
Bartender as They Cleared
Out the Till.

Four young men with big revolvers went nonchalantly into the Central Hotel at No. 146 Liberty street to-day. "Stuck up" the bartender and his helper, bound and gagged them and then went merrily to work packing up everything of value in the place. They had brought suitcases for their plunder and they filled the grips with all the removable bar fixtures, plated and solid silverware, and \$75 from the till. They had gone and were far away in the frosty moonlight by the time the two trusted victims of their very thorough methods managed to summon help.

Harry Douglas, the bartender, was alone in the barroom, seated behind the cashier's cage, when he heard a knock on the front door. He opened it and a young man carrying two suitcases entered. He was neatly dressed and of good appearance, and when he asked if he could get rooms for himself and three friends Douglas said "Sure."

The young man went to the door and beckoned, whereupon three young men came in, blowing on their hands and rubbing their ears. Douglas pointed out the hotel register and the four young men got in line and entered the names of two Joneses and two Smiths. Then they asked for a drink.

Douglas was accommodating and immediately bent under the bar to get a shaker. As he straightened up, he looked into a broadside of Mr. eight guns in all Douglas's two arms sprouted as if worked by electric strings. Just at that moment Alexander Smith, Douglas's helper, came in through a side door. He made a little noise at the door, and he also was "stuck up," raising his arms promptly and making no utterance as two of the invading party roped his wrists and ankles and deposited him in a chair, which he was tied to and then gagged with a bar towel. Douglas was bound in the same secure fashion, whereupon the four "guests" went swiftly about their business of gathering plunder.

They laughed and joked and made merry as they stacked up the silver and thrust it into their grips. Now and then they amused themselves by squirting vinegar from siphons into the faces of their victims. But they really did not daily about their job and were soon done.

When they were well away Douglas worked at his gag and got it out. Then he yelled. Patrolman Ennis was shivering on fixed post at West and Courtland streets and responded promptly to the call. All he could do was to look wise and note the devastation of cash register and bar. Detectives came and looked wise. Douglas said he recognized two of the robbers as occasional patrons of the bar, but that was all he knew about them.

**GREATEST AUTO SHOW
OPENS IN THE GARDEN.**
\$2,500,000 in Cars Ready for Exhibition When Doors Open To-Night.

Madison Square Garden was one frantic scramble to-day. More than eight hundred workmen piled their ladders and saws or pulled and pushed at white sheeted motor cars in a final desperate spurt to get everything in shipshape by 6 o'clock this evening for the opening of the twelfth annual Auto Show of American-made cars.

The show has been divided into two parts. The first week will be for the exhibition of pleasure cars, motor cycles and accessories. Next American auto makers will show the pick of their 1912 models. Averaging about five cars to each make there will be about three hundred cars ready for inspection when the doors are opened to the public to-night.

The total value of the first week's exhibits is placed at \$2,500,000. The cars range in value from the little \$250 Liberty-Bells, runabout to the magnificent limousine palace cars costing \$7,500. Some of these cars de luxe will contain features for the comfort of their owners never seen in automobiles before.

The main exhibition hall of the Garden has been decorated in crimson, gold and white to represent an Oriental garden. Tuesday and Thursday have been set aside as special "society nights," when double admission will be charged those who desire to mingle with the "long-tongued and elite." Monday afternoon will be a "theatrical evening" to which all the prominent actors and actresses have been invited.

The second week will be devoted to motor trucks and other types of motor driven commercial vehicles.

BARS OUT-OF-TOWN POOR.
Magistrate Krotel Refuses Work-house Shelter to Non-Residents.

Magistrate Krotel today issued a summons for William C. Yorke, superintendent of the Municipal lodging house on East Twenty-fifth street, to get an explanation of the number of non-resident derelicts sent before him in Yorkville Court from the lodging house.

Solicitor Lewis had nine non-resident vagrants in court today. Magistrate Krotel said:

"I will not send these men to the workhouse. Taxpayers have enough to do to care for the city's homeless without taking care of those of other cities. Let these men go where they belong and be taken care of there."

Dr. Parkhurst Takes Part in Mild Circus At Edmund Russell's Perfumed Studio

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He and Dr. Garner, Expert on
Monkeyology, Mingle With
That Dear Artist's Favored
Friends and Munch Fruit Cake
in Oriental Atmosphere of
Highbrow Highfalutin's—Lit-
tle Jocko and the Baboon
Were There, Too!

Edmund Russell is going right on with those charming affairs of his. Really, they are too lovely for anything, to borrow a phrase from a perfectly sweet young Brooklyn society man with blond eyebrows, who was among those present Thursday eve. It is de rigueur to say "eve" and not evening, if you mingle at the Edmund Russell studio teas. It is also de rigueur to dublet your recent allegro pianissimo con amore, the while gesturing with thumb and little finger pressed together, as if you were casting into the atmosphere some delicate invisible perfume.

Some of Mr. Russell's teas, you know, are quite daring, with Nance Gwynn expounding the quiescence of Terpsichore's art in a costume that Ariel might shiver to wear on a tropic day. But just to show folks his teas did not verge on the merest outside rim of naughtiness, Mr. Russell invited Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst to come and mingle, and, indeed, yes and forthwith, Dr. Parkhurst came and mingled and enjoyed himself immensely, listening to that celebrated savant and baboon specialist, Dr. R. L. Garner, munching fruit cake and sipping rose leaf punch and pale pink tea, and then gazing raptly upon the graceful gliding and sinuous vermiculations of Miss Lisa Gluck of the Imperial Russian Ballet.

Not that Miss Lisa Gluck appeared in a costume that was apt to shock such an austere theologian as the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. The slim danseuse did not reveal an inch more of her polished neck and shoulders than you can see every evening in the boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House, and there was really a modest superfluity of clinging skirt above mademoiselle's ankles. Dr. Parkhurst, as we learned a generation ago, is far above such nonsense as Puritanical chat and thoroughly able to appreciate art even and orientated surroundings so thickly mystic that you could write your name in the perfumed atmosphere.

The Russian dancing was served purely as a sort of spicy entrée to follow the meaty discourse of Dr. Gwynn and the tea-cunning-for-anything antics of the two Soviet guests, Mrs. Allen Schomer's charming baboon, Prince Jocko, and a cute little monkey, Mr. Russell had borrowed from the Central Park Zoo.

When Drs. Garner and Parkhurst arrived at the studio, which is on the top floor of No. 40 West Thirty-ninth street, the two chief compartments of the studio were crowded with guests, the majority of whom had lost their romantic outlines, but who were just as kittenish as they could be, bleat their souls! Some way the Moorish attendants (Mrs. Johnson, Miss Johnson and Mrs. Martina Washington Jones of San Juan Hill) managed to assist the two distinguished guests thro' in the press, though once Dr. Garner got wedged in an Oriental alley between three baronesses and a countess, who were panting upon one another's jeweled trains in an effort to reach a food tray. And before the two doctors had gained the gilded throne upon which had once sat the Gazeur of Baroda and the Bahub of Omson they were severely buffeted by a heavy array of stout blondes, who were centre rushing to the side of Edmund Russell to thank him for inviting them, his "awfully charming party." But when they finally did negotiate the throne they sat upon it nonchalantly and without any seeming aid at the fact that it had once served as a support for the Gazeur of Baroda and the Bahub of Omson.

**OH, INDESCRIBABLE IS THE
STUDIO OF EDMUND RUSSELL!**

It is impossible to begin at any beginning to describe the Artist Russell's studio. It is so overwhelmingly subtle in its orientation, in its myriad grooves and dark, romantic, grey corners, in its recessed niches, containing hideous grinning idols, bronze bikkins and dim-glimmering Moorish lanterns, that words cannot express its occult charm. As the Polish princess, who came somewhat disguised as a coral island of the South Seas, said: "This dear man's studio reminds me of a scented box without words that tortures the soul."

One heard many such profoundly cultured expressions on every side. The Polish princess, with her fourteen necklaces and forty-odd brooches of coral, not to mention a Marquis of girth of coral bracelets, earrings, side combs and tiaras, didn't have a centimeter on the two pale curators, who sat in a cozy corner with a slim, elderly baroness in Nile green and discussed on the ultimate beauty of impossible contrasts—a conversation that the young society man from Brooklyn, Park St., listened to with rapturously rolling eyes.

Mrs. Jackson Gouraud, whose Sunday night entertainments and harem-side apertures have done much to ward off the chill of winter from the fashionable vicinity of her home, also was among those who conversed of the ineffable arts, only Mrs. Gouraud spoke in French to the young African counts who attended her and gazed ecstatically upon her diamonds.

It was well that the guests had tamed themselves to the high-brow attitudes.

for Prof. Garner was to disappoint them in the matter of monkeys. The opinion prevailed in the packed assemblage that Dr. Garner was to suddenly translate them to the land of the handbag and thrill them with the secrets of Monkey land. Prof. Garner, however, hugged jealously his copyrights and talked in "the future of the senses."

Artist Russell broke the distressing news to his guests that Prof. Garner had reneged on monkey talk, and this brings us to a brief picture of Mr. Russell himself, who has also lost some, if not all, of his romantic outline. Comfortably stout, of commanding height, it is a pretty fancy of Artist Russell that he appears to best advantage in plush or Afghan tapestry; in other words, that he likes to make up after the manner of a Persian divan or an elegant piece of plush parlor furniture. At his big functions, he appears in the role of a Byzantine prince, with belts of brass clear trays, samovar helmets, jeweled scimitars and the like. But at

his informal teas he dons merely an Oriental fatigue uniform.

**BIG BREAD KNIFE GIVES MR.
RUSSELL MARTIAL AIR.**

On the occasion when he sweetly announced and introduced Prof. Garner, he wore a tokay colored velvet jacket, girded upon him with a mammoth belt studded with some sort of gem such as one seen in ornamental replicas. He spoke from a dais beside his gilt throne, and before stepping upon the dais he picked up from some "cozy corner" a long, broad, crinkly sword, not unlike a vast ruled bread-knife. This gave him a rather martial air, though he held the sword daintily. "The other day," began Mr. Russell in cooling accents, "Dr. Garner told me a wonderful thing about the future of the senses. I have asked him to tell you that wonderful thing to-day. Now, if these on chairs will kindly press back to the wall and those not on chairs will sit down cozily on the floor, Prof. Garner will tell you that wonderful thing."

"And isn't he going to say a word about

monkeys?" came a wail from a recessed cozy corner.

"Sh-sh-sh," whistled Artist Russell, playfully jabbing the air with his great sword.

During the introductory address Dr. Garner cooed solemnly with Dr. Parkhurst, who in turn solemnly cooed his head. When the baboon specialist arose a hush fell upon and obliterated the deafening chatter. Prof. Garner is a short, corpulent man, who doesn't look as if he could go very far up a tree in quest of monkey lore. He began with the statement that he had just mentioned to that Ajax of Theology, Dr. Parkhurst (pause for applause), a modest bow from Dr. Parkhurst) something or other about the evolution of the human species. However, he would not discuss monkeys. The wonderful thing he had told Mr. Russell related to the development of the senses at a future epoch.

"This he means," said Dr. Garner, "I predicted the day would come when men would fly. Today I wish to go on record as predicting that the day will come, not many generations hence, when the human race will be as far ahead of the human race to-day as the human race to-day is in advance of the anthropoid ape. The day will come when the human senses will be so developed that there will be no such thing as vocal speech. Conversation between human beings will consist of the exchange of ideas by mental telepathy. Time, place or distance will mean nothing to those who wish to exchange thoughts. It will be as easy to converse over seas as in the same room. The spoken word will be a barbaric thing of the barbaric past and (gasps of "How terribly interesting," "How shockingly amusing," "Most extraordinary") from a Jersey City Englishman) "and the powers of conversation will be so highly developed that we can transmit every possible shading of thought."

**JUST THINK! WE'LL EAT
THROUGH OUR NOSES, HE SAYS.**

"But, my friends, the future of the senses will contain even more startling changes. The day will come when the function of eating will also be regarded as a function of a lower species. Human beings will not feed like unto swine in a trough. There will be no guzzling and swilling at dinner tables or at lunch counters. Food and stimulants will be inhaled. Viandas will be arranged in beautiful bouquets; we will inhale the delicious aroma, and we have partaken of meat and drink. At the future banquets the guests will recline at their ease in the vicinity of tables that bear the nosegays and garlands of food." ("How terribly poetic!" from one of the pale curates.) "We are beginning to realize now the harm and dangers of eating, which will grow greater as the human organism becomes more and more delicate. Science will blaze the trail and we will learn to eat entirely without eating and thereby obviate all the pains and ills of indigestion."

Dr. Garner sat down amid great applause and on came the baboon and monkey, which were also formally introduced by Artist Russell.

"Oh, talk to the monkeys for us, Dr. Garner!" gushed the princesses, baronesses, countesses from all sides, not

to mention a tall Harlem society leader, who gazed fiercely at everybody through a pair of cold steel silver spectacles.

Dr. Garner got up and said sharply: "You must excuse me, I am not a monkey."

"But you surely can talk to the dear little things," insisted some young thing, whose gown fitted her like wall paper.

"Yes, I can talk to them and they will understand me when I talk to them," replied the young savant. "The small monkey is one of the most intelligent of anthropoid apes and belongs to the genus (Prof. Garner recited a Latin phrase that stupified some of the listeners with awe), and he has as well defined a language of his own as we have, but I will not talk monkey to him."

**ORIENTAL WRIGGLERS INDIS-
POSED, SO IT'S ALL VERY QUIET.**
Jocko was still writing autographs when Mr. Russell called for silence again and announced Miss Lisa Gluck, Mrs. Parkhurst and Garner sat up on their throne and five baronesses wriggled to see who would play Miss Gluck's accompaniment. The Baroness von Rottenthal won out and fought her way to the high-eye maple piano. Then a fluttering hush and the slim dancer appeared. The two doctors on the throne were introduced, said a few kind words to the young dancer, whose bare arms, neck and shoulders blazed in the Oriental bloom, whereat the sinuous sinuities began. When the dance was concluded, some of the guests wanted some real Oriental wriggles, but

the Princess Sita-Diva was indisposed, and so were some of the baronesses, who appear off and on, with very little on, at Mrs. Gouraud's Sunday evenings. Dr. Parkhurst was charmed with the entertainment, he told Artist Russell, saying, "I really have not enjoyed myself so much for almost twenty years."

If Dr. Parkhurst had only been a guest at some of the earlier studio parties of Artist Russell, he would undoubtedly have found some of the entertainment more than a little reminiscent of the old days of the circus, for Miss Lisa Gluck was puritanically garbed by comparison with Nance Gwynn and others who sometimes danced at the Russell and Gouraud parties.

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Double width.....1.15 per yard

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